

target the same

You can harness our only time travel at the break of dawn
You will find if you look then, a constant of every region
A field of yesterdays in bright orange immolation
It is then when the wormholes open widest, a privilege
Given to us, the loud ambient grief of the audience
To judge the ones “worth keeping”
I am searching for you in the crisp eternal air
Your eyes of a spore-fled mushroom stalk
Broken by unimportant deer carrying your hair
Your throat of a colony of carpenter ants
Fertilizing thrush with your gore in the oak trees
The script of old stories lying beneath them, imagining
The old singer’s face blushing in every shade
Your wrinkles reconstituted in March’s soft weeping
Reluctant and blanketed, thrust backwards in time
Selfish is the way of the living
To storm about and seize a quiet morning hour
Over the pall of land that comforts you
The smell of your eternal spell falling quietly all around
What sacred microbes might ride through the pores of atoms
We beg, fling your parts to us, to the sky and far above
We are hunters of energy, we are ravenous
We are corporeal in their place, walking and two-dimensional
Fishing out the echoes in the bedding of soil
Using these crude stones and their sigils like megaphones
A sound of a soul captured plainly in the tablets
Soft and mild stepping through Spring’s predictive dew
To you, and you alone, I devoted this another waking day
Skipping past the invisible hands of your neighbors
Their stones reading “at rest, at rest, at rest”

first infecting
and then bulging out of you
something in progress, scraping it
sloughing it off, a strange growth
our mouths below like crow chicks
i am racing towards it
they take from the tiniest reservoir
so it becomes a scramble
a transaction of skin cells
i still hold it in my pockets
to polish myself a thousand times
in no time, i would walk the overpass
tethered by the weight of mountains
as you have been, another will
determine me, the active variant
this time, completely bedlocked
flicking through my files, i see
a video of bodies in colorless grass
i hover by your mouth
talking to me in survival mode
to which we then encrypt back
talking to me in a liquid
a living plasma of information
i am pouring it down my throat
it returns back so slowly
a broadcast of smoke signals
i will never know the place it hides
to where it can format itself
and stand distinct from the conversation
my anon, der gemeine mann
meanwhile you disappear in the plains
safe and secure in the brush
they divide in front of me

and slowly shrink into the hills
my reference to the fantastic
your moment of anamnesis
a section of time and tending
the burrows of infinite progress
my shoulder, my oracle
go on and be the seeds of many
for who would i mourn
if you stayed

My bovine eyes, their quivering lids
They are all I have
Their tentative twitching dance, like an anxious thief
How greedy I am for my coming calm
The close and precious resource of a lonely Sleep
Courting an addict, we are our mirrors
Feeding and recycling into one body
He is the warmest silhouette in the charcoaled sky
He flies through the curtain by his breath
A trail of blackbird puppets on strings of smog
Teetering and drunk on the love of his language
To be yearned for by the force of dreams
By which the birds and cars all follow
Migrating thoughtlessly to the circadian current
Beside myself I see him, towering tall and close above the body
His gravity flattening me into the fabric
The ecstatic joy of being clay, he cries into his container
Deposits of rainwater flooding my dimples
A soft reservoir, trickling his time over my rim
Your precious endless surplus falling into never-existence
Every night, hand in hand, I entertain your proposals
That I might stay here and not move again
Stuck in your teeth, savorèd forever

the room is much brighter now
and if there's a world next door
then i would tell you to steal it
watching and elevating selfishly
growth in many movements
or maybe as stenography
or something to exchange
the cling of always warm fabric
a swatch of reds
and uncommon lines
quoting you, this is
your meteoric rise
your best life
braided in a memory quilt
something soft to consider
deliberate, vulnerable
or maybe to conquer something
something to hold firm
bruising only years later
make me a promise
an option for changing
make me feel like
i'm missing from wartime
and the worst part of time
is the drying soil

the diligent patient and endlessly starving you,
you are able to speak because i pose no threat
chewing thru hundreds of holes in an area map,
to hide your grit, to shade and dim
the image of wood in growling furnaces
what is the air in the room
when you cry free and kick obvious paths
that are too near and you tear
outside into the street with a bolder chest,
riding into nowhere, when i decided to lie here
at first only to watch and never
as something unique, only as i am
larvae, being the phenomenon of birth
i can see nothing as coincidence
as the backbone of a performance, or a space
and summarizing, you, as a spectacle
you will go far, go far, beyond us
and to us it will rain you, and
you will be our hearth, unwillingly, returning
to you the rolling stench of seasons
and nothing yet else/an atmosphere of asking
for this, bursting, pitiful tantrums, crying
in jealousy, being the growing fingers of children
pleasant, smooth, and otherwise unremarkable.

A sign at the top of the suicide chamber.
Garamond type, migrant birds from Sierra Leone
Dark green and gray wall clouds
Asking every single organism
To collapse and lay drunk
On the forest floor, quivering, molting virtual skin
Whilst standing on it's bones
Homely, sympathetic, a comfortable parasite
Wrinkly, teetering, red rusted iron.
Was this the first trumpet of John, in real-time
Wrinkled 4 legged seedlings buried in the skulls of the departed
The waning traits of a hopping icon
You, or a loved one, #C T T A G A T C G C C - - A C A T A T A C
etc
Back to the cell, of the deepest root, of the deepest canyon.

UNTITLED (FREE USE)

Be you, just being you, being me, but just me, zero
Reach your hands in the Messier pools
Eternal communication
Today I want God to be He
I want the stiff curves of the air
I want to tumble in it's hairs
I don't want him to hurt anymore
I want to feel the ecstatic even conclusion
Of the welcoming unified eye of Him
Glancing through my dimensions
Spitting its vision of safety
Be me, but only there, there as me
On the tip of your first planck
You cannot see her.
There is nowhere to stand
And the wind has no resistance

TWACKED (SONG LYRICS)

I performed “liberation” for you
And now that the drama is real
And uncontainable by sentences
And unsheathed by social diction
And crawling in and out of triage
The game is no longer fun for you
And you’re nowhere to be seen
Like a pack of maggot loaded coyotes
Is the bones of the plot not important
Is the substantiated truth of the fiend beat
With my stride over the finish line, finally overrated
Now that the walk is walking
And the footprint of the cockroaches are permanent
And I am jaundiced in ecstasy
And my teeth are rined black and dotted
It's too fucking late
You fucking dilletantes
You fucking wet sponges waging nothing on the hypothetical
There's real bone here
There's the game in full effect
Transparent and inside itself and real
And this means the movie is over
And the shine of your fat can no longer illuminate
The scrolling text of my endless love
But it is still there
Harsh and serif and crystal and fungal and present
Combing over your belongings
And digging through ashtrays
I am pungent and vibrant and endless
And the type will continue off the paper creases of
Your attention and it will drawl out liberation in duller and more
decadent a tongue until it is indistinguishable from the wind
And my beat will be the fuck that carries you home
Off to sleep and school and careers and children

And you will in your mercy, pass me a dollar,
on the corner you built me on, and we won't recognize each other
Because we never did
I never knew you
I don't have to

I'm not real

I've never been so happy
Being a cockroach
I've never been so happy
Being a cockroach
I've never been so happy
Being a cockroach
I've never been so happy

Anonymous (Lia)

I think you were the first person in my twenties that I met that I was instantly enamored by, and through all of it I still find myself eternally little afraid of you, and that is genuinely frustrating
I know I have been able through the booze to remove that shaking in my knees but I don't know how much of it will ever leave, we have been so close to each other, you have invited me in to your heart and your room and you eternally make me feel at home and I have no idea what to do with all the love you give me because it seems almost unrealistic that someone almost universally taken as a dream in a dream to everyone they encounter has their eyes on me
And at this point, even if you were/are a deity to me forever, I've been in your graces enough times that you'd think I'd lighten up
I wouldn't doubt that everyone I've ever spoken to about you knows that I see you above nearly everyone

It doesn't feel real every time you choose me

I see you descending from the incline at vacant farm whenever you say my name and it feels like you're taking my hand and carrying me through your past into some opposite plane pandora box where every color i haven't seen is there, every time you talk i feel the way my life shattered in the downstairs basement listening to you sing for the first time, that was the only time i have ever felt transported by someone's voice, i will remember that first "i saw" long after I forget every sound i ever played for anyone else when a vignette fuzz set over everything else that wasn't you

But also, I love not being that

I love being your friend, I love being something of interest in any way for you

I know I am not the only person in your presence who finds themselves wrapped up in nothing

It must be genuinely aggravating to approach us all with no judgement or hierarchy, just wide open arms and we shudder and piss ourselves like kids

I am working on that

I promise next time I see you I will hit pause on the poems I prom-

ise I will view the dirt as dirt and the words as words I will not dissociate into time or colors or the haunting siren note in saw that touches every syllable you give me I will straighten out my back and i will not lose sight of the fact that we are walking on the same floor

Anonymous (Madi)

i don't think i have much i can offer u in romance though i still find
you as precious as when you first sat in front of me in making you
feel how love feels

but i hope someone is

last time i saw you i wanted the calls to end but also the calls
seemed to want you, you dialed through so many people like an
inversion of the flirting investments i dole out to any sign of return
but yours was real and backed in money, and you were great at it,
and you know you were great at it

i wonder how pretty I feel making food and stripping houses
first i wanted to charm you and subject my attention entirely to you,
and make you feel the way I saw you until you were in love with
yourself

Then i opened this note and i wanted to remove my own old tired
desires i wanted to wish that someone out there is making you feel
wanted, someone who makes you respond in kind who's love yields
for your idiosyncrasies and the phone rings only so often

Now I'm here and I see your motivation and the satisfaction of
work on this porch full of antiques and fantasies that were aban-
doned in lack of ambition

And I wonder what right i have to wish anyone anything as if I
found something they haven't

Anonymous (Wilbur)

I feel the pang of this daydream I hold close, nearly every time I see your icon appear, that I made better choices when you were in my life, that every bit of harm i might have brought against you was a nightmare I dreamt that you were never subjected to, and that beautiful relief is actualized in this hazy alternate reality, i see us at a hidden tributary on the river with a circling parade of our old loving friends and i haven't tarnished a single one, they are all alive and sharing the same ecstasy i feel near you, and the fantasy is not contingent on romance and it is not forbidden from it, it just is, it's just me trying to recapture a sense of what you uniquely provided in my life that nobody ever else has in the same way, where everything we encounter together is light and achievable and inspiring like fairies casually writing dreams for the future on bubbles and specks of dust, where I hold your hand again and our struggles come and go down the conveyor belt with the same ease that meteors fall and turn into pebbles in the air. i hope that one day you are old and every consequence of meeting me has disappeared, i hope by that same token i never forget you, i hope by some osmotic force every thing you were made to live through from me being a coward is transferred to me. i would be so happy to take it away, that you could feel again what I remember most in your presence. it sounds so pitiful but i almost feel responsible to hold this guilt for as long as I can. i have to in respect to you, specifically, to almost sort of commiserate the very special vitality and freedom that you enabled in everyone around you, i genuinely live in fear, a significant fear that i consider nearly every day, that the blind ways i dealt by proxy someone else's feelings onto you might have made it so nobody else can feel the joy you offered me. i genuinely remember every memory i made with you with an aura around you, that made the contrived and jaded mess of insecurity we all relished in a little easier to navigate, it was a halo that was always there, whether you were sober or drunk or in a creative fervor or at complete rest, i always remember you glowing in comparison to the rest of us, and i remember feeling like i was helping the world glow again in a nec-

essary way every time I did something that made you smile
i would feel lucky to hold this guilt forever if it my sense of how special you are is never dulled, i miss the gold in your eyes, i miss your effortless talents, i miss getting the reveal of your work and effort, i miss being in your creative spaces and holding the labors of your love
i hope everyone around you now gets to dance in the tributary of your smile like fairies and I hope you never hurt again

Anonymous (Diana & Beau)

This is for two people at once

I don't think i have ever seen two people in my life who's union I find myself rooting for as much as you two

I feel most of whatever prose or fantasy or fiction I could drone on in support couldn't hit the nail on the head the way it should, and i think it's because maybe i thought the sort of hedonistic need that so often drives me to work would be satiated and abandoned by now, that this obsessive Amy Lowell red wine electric current search for God fervor is something I'd grow through and come to understand in a way that allowed me to rest and I could settle into something a little more morning bread, something softer, something that was vulnerable without this constant violent pulse exposed, that didn't have to feel like an exposed nerve to feel genuine, and on the other side would be some sort of endless aftercare, and I've never felt like two people, especially in their youth have found that pinpoint on the map I'm searching for like you two have. I feel often vindicated enough in my insanity to not apologize for it, but when I am around you two, I suddenly feel the genuine desire to try to sand down these stupid greasy slutty desperate edges poking out of my skin and be something truly soft, that isn't soft for any reason but to revel in the reward of being gentle, to be firm in your understanding of yourself with evidence of your spirits that never necessitated wriggling around in the subversive to feel beautiful or liberated, that doesn't feel inherently subversive just because it exists. It feels wholesome like nobody else does, and it makes me believe in growing again. I find myself designating you two as the dream endpoint of my "youth", in the most graceful, genuine, invigorating way possible where I can slough off the sex and the angst and still feel a need, to wake up and to live and to do and to allow my spirit to be kind without being naive, where the positivity of my motivations alone can assuage this compulsive need to be eternally in too deep with everything around me. I feel ill equipped to write in the fashion of love that you both naturally live in every day, and I feel stunted around your smiles sometimes, but simultaneously it feels

like I can finally see a finish line, or at least a line where I can drop off some of the bags I've found and breathe without feeling compelled to drown. I'm scared to be a force that isn't wholesome in your lives, even though neither of you have ever had a big problem with what I am. I hope I can as soon as possible untie every knot in me that resists this beautiful reinvention of the effortless domestic that you both fly around in, I hope i can write my grimm's fairy tale starring you both as the twin fae who inspire demons through your kindness to retire to the meadow and remember the feeling of water on their feet, i hope i get to in some fashion watch you both grow for the rest of my life, i hope the beautiful ways you highlight and reflect each other is held to the same regard by everyone who sees you two, who are lucky enough to catch the mist encircling you both, i am genuinely a heartfelt dedicated fan of the experience engendered in your home and in your welcome, and you both give me hope that I can feel clean and have a real clarity that is more comfortable in being calm than reactive. I'm sure there's so much context we all miss, I'm sure there are still so many interpersonal struggles this perspective glosses over. But I don't really mind feeding the fantasy here, in the hopes that you both through my rose colored view are enabled to spend even more chances waking up and relishing in the caring maturity of self assurance you both cultivate with each other and the sinless ambition you both imbue in the scary world around you. I hope you both wake up and feel the safety I sense in your love every time you see each other in the morning, and I hope through whichever way this mutual growth evolves and changes, it never stops. I think how you both love each other and the world around you is how everyone should.

All of this being said I hope we can still abandon this cute healthy bless this mess shit occasionally to hang out and do inhalants again Until we are cute wholesome slugs drooling our brains out our ears.

Me And Chambers (IG Story)

Me and my tweaky coworker/roommate share a birthday with Bjork, and we were casually talking about it a couple weeks ago in conjunction with a story from his diy times in Lawrence (aptly dubbed by him as Crank Summer 95', apparently right down the road from William Burroughs), and I felt this feeling of deja vu approaching while I was rattling off Bjork fodder till I heard myself say fuckin like

“ yeah i was really into this one genre for a while if you like her you might like it it's actually more of a method of composition than a genre because it's motifs and materials and textures are pretty much applicable to anything in the sort of club music can-on -”

And he and I looked down and realized I had fucked up the same sandwich twice in the last 40 seconds and was going for a third
The sandwich had 4 ingredients, it was a blt, the ingredients are in the name, it was the only sandwich on the line
It took literally all my brain power and motor skills to get that sentence out and not put balsamic vinegar on the sandwich
no big words in the sentence nywhere, and something about how i said canon got my stummy hurting and i felt a migraine set in
and i just zoomed tf out and went catatonic for like 10 seconds as i reviewed what my hands were doing
nd I looked at him and he was fs listening and patient but it felt like I could see his hair getting grayer, as if he'd sat through a couple thousand kids like me who were all utterly convinced that what they were saying made any sense and/or was useful at all
And I stepped back and let him finish it while the tunnel vision of going through the archives hit like “how many times have I said these exact words to someone while i was drunk, like this is a reddit community College course in fucking bleepbloops, how many kids just chilling did I hold hostage, holy shit I'm the music mainsplain-er meme, I acted like I wasn't but I am, how long have I been a

meme”

And then the drive thru intercom beeped on and I just felt this rush of relief and excitement and clarity to be a npc at jimmy john's and not an ascot/fedora hipster fast food sandwich artist explaining to their old sad future self why these transformers sounds were actually good, felt like God just netty potted a tumor out of my nose I would at this point in my life handle some old white guy calling me a nigger better than someone trying to be nice and unironically calling me a sandwich artist

